C-221-5-6

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLIV. No. 32 MONTREAL, AUGUST 6, 1909. 40 Cts. Per An. Post

E.W. Brouscombe 30 09

The 'Twills Rocks' and the Stubborn Captain.

It is related that many years ago, while a frigate was cruising in the Mediterranean, her commander was ordered to ascertain whether there existed, within certain lines of latitude and longitude, a shoal or reef, which had been reported as being there. The captain addressed himself to the task with all the rough earnestness of a British seaman; at the same time entertaining a strong persuasion that nothing of the kind described would be found in the position pointed out.

THE COMMANDER BURST INTO A PASSIONATE SPEECH.

The undertaking was accordingly conducted in a superficial manner, and was speedily terminated by the captain declaring that the report which had occasioned the search was a perfect mistake, and originated in delusion or falsehood.

But an officer on board—a man who had accustomed himself to accurate calculations and observation—was of another mind, and felt convinced that, with more careful and prolonged examination a different result might probably be obtained. None of his arguments, however, availed with the commander, who sharply rebuked him as wanting experience and being a mere theorist.

The officer, however, carefully treasured up his observations and reckonings; and having left the frigate, persuaded the Admiralty to send him on a second expedition, with a small vessel under his own command, in quest of the reported rock, or whatever else it might prove to be.

His voyage was successful; and he returned with the clearly ascertained information that in a certain spot in the Mediterranean there lay a dangerous sunken rock. This fact, for safety in the navigation of that sea, was of course forthwith carefully marked down in the maps. For this service he was rewarded with promotion. The commander of the frigate hearing of this some time afterwards was highly incensed, and declared that the report was a fraud to get promotion, adding:

'If ever I have the keel of this ship under me in those waters again, and do not carry her clean over where the chart marks a rock, call me a liar, and no seaman to boot.'

Two years afterwards he was bound for Naples, having some public functionaries as passengers on board his vessel. One autumn afternoon, as the ship took a north-easterly direction, threatening dark strips of cloud began to stream over the sky, and a gale sprang up, which made the sails and cordage creak as though they would burst, while the heaving waves tossed and tried the timber of the well-compacted keel.

Night came on, and the captain paced the decks rather anxiously, and consulted with the master of the ship, whose practical skill and experience rendered him a valuable counsellor. By the light of a lantern they examined a chart, when the master, pointing to the spot whereabouts they were, exclaimed, 'Look here, sir!' There was the recently-discovered point of danger, marked down under the name of the 'Twills Rocks.'

The commander was reminded of former circumstances, and, incensed beyond description at the remembrance, burst out into a passionate speech, abusing the officer who had reported the discovery, and repeating his own determination to sail right over the spot, and so demonstrate that the whole thing was a bugbear, at the same time thumping his fist to give emphasis to his words.

On the ship speeded her way over the rolling billows, and down went the commander into the cabin to join his illustrious passengers, and to tell the story of the sunken rock, thinking to make merry at the expense of the false lieutenant.

'In five minutes,' said he, taking out his watch with a laugh, 'we shall have crossed this terrible spot!'

But the intelligence by no means awakened sympathetic merriment in the company. They were terror-stricken, while he spoke gaily. There was a pause, and then a slight grating touch of something that scratched the bottom of the noble ship—then a noise of alarm from the hatchway—then a shock—then a crash, and a quivering of the hull; and then the bursting of timbers, and the in-gushing of water—the frigate had struck, and was presently a wreck, the masts reeling over into the ocean, and the breakers threatening to swallow up all that remained of the ill-fated vessel!

With desperate energy everything possible was done to save the passengers. The boats were hauled out, and all on board embarked, and were ultimately saved, except a few drunken sailors in the hold and the commander, who would not survive his mad temerity. The last seen of the unhappy man was his white figure, bareheaded and in his shirt, looking out from the dark hull of the frigate, 'the foam bursting round her bows and stern.'

He would not believe. He had possessed the means of ascertaining the truth; he had listened to the arguments and heard the reports of others; there was evidence enough to satisfy an unprejudiced man, but he would not believe.

And is not that captain's history a parable of what is commonly occurring among mankind? Persons will not hearken to those who are wiser than themselves; but, with some fixed idea of their own which, though perfectly unfounded, nothing can move they rush on to their own destruction.

They are deluded by some falsehood they have created or adopted for themselves, while

they pronounce the truth told them by others to be false and delusive. A man is warned against a certain course of conduct which it is plain will ruin him, but he will not believe; and on he goes till, in some dark hour, he makes shipwreck.—'Friendly Greetings.'

Don't Worry.

(By Dr. T. L. Cuyler.)

If we possessed clearer discernment, we should not so often torment ourselves with sinful anxieties about the future. Our loving Lord knew what was in man when he reiterated his remonstrances against borrowing trouble in advance, and when he said, 'Be not therefore anxious for the morrow; sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'

Worry is not only a sin against God, it is a sin against our health and peace. It sometimes amounts to slow suicide. Honest work, however hard, seldom hurts us; it is worry that corrodes and kills. There is only one practical remedy for the sin of anxiety. Let us not climb the high wall until we get to it, or fight the battle until it opens, or shed tears over sorrows that may never come, or lose the joys of present blessings by the sinful fear that God will take them away from us.

We need all our strength and all the grace that God can give us for to-day's burdens and to-day's battles. To-morrow belongs to our Heavenly Father. I would not know its secrets if I could. It is far better to know whom we trust, and that he is able to keep all that we commit to him.

Religious News.

'This has been a year of progress in both departments of Olange industrial school and missionary effort around Phoenix, Natal, South Africa,' writes Johut Dubé. 'We have just passed our first candidate, who secured a first-class teacher's government certificate; another secured a second-class; and several received third-class. The Inspector of Schools says that "the work is creditable." Many of our boys are already engaged in useful work in different parts of the country.

'We have a good instructor in the carpenter and blacksmith shops. He teaches the boys faithfully, and the work we have produced in these departments has been of a high order. We have steadily advanced in our printing department, turning out more printed matter than ever before, besides publishing the "Zulu Weekly," which is becoming more influential every year.

'Our agricultural department has the confidence of the government, and the man at its head is paid entirely by the government.'

Mr. J. Campbell White is authority for the following statistics, showing the progress of the modern missionary movement:

In spite of the severe financial depression last year, when it might have been expected that the offerings to foreign missions would seriously shrink, they actually increased by $602,000 from the United States and Canada over the gifts of the previous year. The income on the foreign mission field was even more remarkable. It increased last year by $1,300,000. The total gifts on the various foreign fields were $4,844,000. This is forty-eight percent of the total amount contributed to this object by the Protestant churches of North America. Another striking fact is the increase of native converts last year by 164,674, or over 450 per day. It took about one hundred years to gain the first million converts, or until 1896. The second million were added in twelve years (1896-1908). They are now being added at the rate of a million in six years. The church membership in the United States increased one and one-half per cent last year, the increase in the membership of American missions abroad was twelve per cent. While an average of two members for each Protestant minister were added to the local church membership in the United States, there was an average of 41 for each ordained American missionary abroad.

In the midst of the excitement of political overturn in Turkey, the Rev. Dr. Joseph K. Greene is receiving the congratulations of his many friends on having just completed a half-century of missionary service in that country, about forty of these years having been spent at Constantinople. He has seen great changes, wars, plagues, famines and conflagrations, political intrigues and upheavals. It seems as though he had been spared to see the fruitage, sudden and unexpected, of long labors, in the beginning of a free nation established on principles of righteousness. It is not strange that he says if he were to live his life over again he would choose the missionary career he has had. The Rev. Dr. H. N. Barnum, of Harpoot, is the only missionary in Turkey who has had a longer term of service than Dr. Greene. The Rev. Dr. G. F. Herrick also completes his half-century in Turkey this year.—'The Congregationalist.'

Work in Labrador.

AT HOME AMONG THE FISHERMEN.

(M. L. D., in 'Among the Deep Sea Fishers.')

(Concluded.)

The summer, however, is a busy time in a fishing community. The men are out in their boats by two or three o'clock in the morning —though they make up for it by dozing on the kitchen benches later in the day. Sometimes for a week or two luck would be bad and there was little to be done. But when the boats came back laden from the trap, 'all hands' would go down to the stages, and even until midnight one might see the fitful light of torches reflected along the water's edge, and hear occasional sounds of laughter as fathers and mothers, young men and girls, worked industriously together cleaning and putting the codfish to salt before it should spoil.

During the height of the fishing season there were as many as sixty visiting schooners in the tickle. In the evenings and on Sundays the men would wander over the rocks or drop into the hospitable cottages. Sunday afternoons I took charge of a Sunday-school for the children, which the former teacher had started, and in the evening a good Methodist fisherman would hold 'prayers' in the schoolhouse. This service took the form of a lively 'testimony meeting,' and there was not half room enough for all who wanted to attend. There was no bell to announce the time, and one of the young men went from schooner to schooner and collected—from Catholics as well as Protestants—enough money to buy an English flag to take the place of a bell. But the ropes of the flagstaff would not work, so that the flag was always at half-mast at service time.

The first week I was in West St. Modiste I was anxious to ask Dr. Grenfell's advice about one or two matters, and every day watched the point for the smoke of the 'Strathcona' on the return trip from Harrington. But the people on the coast say that the 'Strathcona' always comes unexpectedly. One evening I had just had my supper and had gone into the kitchen to talk with Mrs. F——, when one of the boys came in, shouting, 'De "Stratcona's" here! De "Stratcona's" here!' And the steamer was actually dropping her anchor in the harbor.

It was interesting to see the little boats immediately putting out from the land, a number of patients going on board to consult with Dr. Little, while Dr. Grenfell came ashore and walked up the slope, surrounded by a group of fishermen eagerly talking.

It turned out that they were to sail again early the next morning, and to my delight Dr. Grenfell invited me to come on board then and take the trip to Red Bay, which was the next stopping place. It was a great pleasure to have this opportunity of learning how Dr. Grenfell travels and to meet the other mission workers who were also on board.

At Red Bay we went with Dr. Grenfell to visit the co-operative store. The upper part of this was like a country shop where things of every description are for sale. On the lower floor was the storehouse for the fish which the manager receives in exchange for provisions or to dispose of for the people. The whole settlement was larger and had a more prosperous air than West St. Modiste, and I wondered if the co-operative store did not have a good deal to do with this. It has been very successful and some of the profits are to be used to start a new store at West St. Modiste.

I felt very much alone in a strange land that afternoon when I stood on the shore and watched the 'Strathcona' steaming out of the harbor, but this experience also served to show again the kindness of the people. The Pikes (Mr. Pike is the manager of the co-operative store) very soon made me feel at home, and a young woman, who seemed perfectly delighted to see some one from the outside world, took me over to call on her family, and gave me a bouquet of flowers from the geraniums and begonias growing in her windows. She told me that her home was the one in which Dr. Grenfell stayed when he first came to Red Bay and they all felt almost as if he belonged to their own family. Her brothers are fishermen, but her father is paralyzed and almost helpless, so that she and her mother have to give most of their time to looking after him. She seemed very fond of fancy work, making pillow covers and crocheting mats of bright-colored worsteds and cottons, but her eyes are so bad now that she can use them very little. Her pleasure in meeting me, a stranger, gave me some idea of how lonely she must be in winter.

The Pikes urged me to spend a week with them and kept bringing out all sorts of good things for me to eat, including a dried apple pie, which was a great luxury. That night they gave me a comfortable bedroom and when the 'Home' arrived at the unpropitious hour of three a.m., thought nothing of arising to carry their new acquaintance on board.

The people evidently look upon Dr. Grenfell as a friend to whom they can go in every conceivable difficulty. I often heard them tell how much they thought of him and of the doctors and nurses associated with him. They would also bring out with pride letters they had received from correspondents whom they had never seen, and ask me to read them aloud. And they would tell again and again of Sister Bailey's visits from house to house last winter, when she travelled many miles on her dogsled bringing cheer into their uneventful lives and giving them invaluable help in the scarlet fever epidemic.

One realized more and more the sad plight in which the people must have been before the doctors came. At various times in the summer accidents happened—a hand was crushed or poisoned, or someone was taken seriously ill. The people were ignorant and helpless themselves, but the first thought was that the patient must take the next 'Home' for Battle Harbor. Indeed, one never heard of the steamer's making a trip without carrying patients to or from the hospital. And one became exceedingly enthusiastic as one witnessed at first hand how wonderfully, through the initiative and direction of the leader of the work, the whole country is being opened up and developed, and the lives of the people are becoming enriched.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—A Friend, Burlington, Kansas, $15.00; Mrs. J. A. Ferguson, Tremont, Ill., $3.00; 'One who wishes the cause God speed,' $1.00; C. A. R., Montreal, $1.00; Total.. .. ..$ 20.00

Previously acknowledged for all purposes.. .. ..$ 498.09

Total received up to July 20.. .. ..$ 518.09

Forwarded to Treasurer of the Montreal Labrador Association for support of komatik.. .. ..$ 50.00

Total on hand July 20.. .. ..$ 468.09

Address all subscriptions for Dr. Grenfell's work to 'Witness' Labrador Fund, John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal, stating with the gift whether it is for launch, komatik, or cots.

NOTE.—As the Montreal Labrador Medical Association have now forwarded their last shipment to Labrador for this season, Miss Roddick asks that no further supplies be sent to her address, but that all now sending clothing, etc., shall forward direct, express prepaid, addressed either to Dr. Hare, Deep Sea Mission Hospital, Harrington Harbor, Canadian Labrador, or to Dr. Grenfell, care of W. Peters, Esq., St. John's, Nfld.

LESSON,—SUNDAY, AUGUST 15, 1909.

Paul's Third Missionary Journey—Ephesus.

Acts xix., 8-20. Memory verses 19, 20. Read Acts xviii., 23—xix., 22.

Golden Text.

The name of the Lord Jesus was magnified. Acts xix., 17.

Home Readings.

Monday, August 9.—Acts xviii., 23—xix., 7.
Tuesday, August 10.—Acts xix., 8-22.
Wednesday, August 11.—Mark i., 1-8.
Thursday, August 12.—Luke iii., 7-18.
Friday, August 13.—Mark i., 21-28.
Saturday, August 14.—Mark iv., 26-32.
Sunday, August 15.—Eph. iii., 13-21.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

Have you ever been away from home for a time? Didn't it seem very, very nice to get back home again, and do just the same things that you used to do before? You wouldn't like to be going 'round from place to place and only getting home to see your friends just now and again, would you? Willie says he would. Well, perhaps some people might like to do that even, if they were having a fine time all the while, but supposing if you went into one city they threw stones at you, in another city they lashed you, in one you got put into prison, and that you were driven out of almost every place you stopped at, by a mob of people who called you names and wanted to get rid of you, wouldn't you like to get back to where people loved you and wanted to listen to you, don't you think? Do you remember any one who was travelling about and had to suffer all the disagreeable things we just mentioned and a great many other things just as bad, and about whom we have been studying for a good many Sundays now? To be sure, it was Paul. We have watched Paul, now, as he went on two missionary journeys, and he hadn't been back in Antioch, his home church, very long before he wanted to go out on another trip as a missionary. Why do you think that Paul thought it was worth while? You know it had to be worth while for a sensible man like Paul to do it. If you go into a store and pay ten cents for something, you wouldn't be very pleased to find it was only worth two cents, and if you did you wouldn't be likely to go and buy more of them at the same price, would you? Now, Paul was a very clever man, so we want to see what it was that he found on his missionary journeys that was worth being hungry for, worth being lashed for, worth being put into prison for, and worth all the other hard things he had to suffer. What do you think it was? He was serving his dear Master, Jesus, and he was getting a great many other people to love and serve Jesus, too, and he was quite sure it was well worth while. Perhaps some people might have said to him 'Why, Paul, these churches you are founding are only little bits of churches, a few people among great cities full of heathens. Do you think it's any use?' Paul could have said 'My friends, here's a little tiny seed; do you think it is any use to put it away in the great big earth? But it is; because there is life in this little seed and it is bound to grow, no matter how big the earth is. And these little churches that I am starting have all got God's life in them, and they are bound to grow.' So Paul thought it was quite worth while and of a great deal of use, and here he is starting out on his third missionary journey.

FOR THE SENIORS.

Paul's stop at Ephesus on his return to Antioch at the close of the second missionary tour (Acts xviii., 19-21) must have been of the briefest. Long enough to excite the interest of some of the Jews among whom there were possibly a few Christians, but not long enough to arouse any opposition. He was in a hurry to reach Jerusalem, although his visit and doings there are barely mentioned, and then he went on to the church in Antioch. Silas seems to have remained in his home church at Jerusalem from which he was sent on a supposedly brief trip so long before (Acts xv., 22, 40), for we have no further word of him in Acts. Paul's own object in taking the vow upon him and attending the feast seems to have been to refute lying rumors that he had given up Jewish customs, rumors that arose from his contention that Gentile Christians should not be bound by Jewish law. The same kind of action was necessary later (Acts xxi., 19-26). Luke does not in this instance go much into the matter, but hurries on to the conclusion of the trip at Antioch and merely mentioning what must have been a work of some time (Acts xviii., 23) comes back in the space of three verses to the work at Ephesus. Here the work of Apollos had resulted in a strange situation, for twelve men holding but a portion of the truth were apparently cut off from the main body of the Christians in some way, and it was Paul's work to bring them in. This was a case where 'Apollos planted and Paul watered' just as in Corinth (I. Cor. iii., 6; Acts xviii., 27—xix., 1) Paul planted and Apollos watered, but in each case it was God who 'gave the increase.'

(SELECTIONS FROM TARBELL'S 'GUIDE.')

Verse 11.—'Special miracles.' The whole subject bristles with difficulties, since we do not even know how far Paul countenanced the particular cases mentioned in verse 12. That Paul was conscious of being on occasion the medium of superhuman energies we know from his own unimpeachable witness (Rom. xv., 18; II. Cor. xii., 12): and it is certain that what are mentioned after 'inasmuch that' are not meant to exhaust the 'powers wrought through him in Ephesus. Paul himself would surely have discouraged such unethical and magical methods, so alien to 'faith' as he understood its saving virtue. But, without his knowing, the zeal of fresh converts and others conveyed to the sick in body and mind objects which, having been in contact with his person, had relative to the crude but intense faith and expectancy of the recipients a healing value. Such cures, Luke, on the standards of his age, had no reason to regard as less supernatural or divine in origin than those in which higher faith was present, both in the patient and in Paul himself. What exactly Paul thought in the matter we do not know.—J. Vernon Bartlett, in 'The New Century Bible.'

Verse 15.—'Know.' 'Two different Greek verbs are rendered by the same English verb "know"; it may be rendered, I know who Jesus is, and as for Paul I am acquainted with him.'

Verse 17.—'The name of the Lord Jesus was magnified.' Jews and Greeks alike had been wont to use strangely varied names and spells; but now it became known to all, to Jews and Greeks alike, that the name of Jesus was the name of the Lord, a name not only to be heard but to be magnified. To mark this unique power of the name of Jesus is the object of the startling episode introduced by St. Luke, and it is no small proof of the truth of the incident that it stops where it does; that, in other words, it establishes the pre-eminence of the name of Jesus; but it adds nothing further to satisfy curiosity as to the victims of a strange and masterful power of evil.—R. J. Knowling, in 'The Testimony of St. Paul to Christ.'

Verse 19.—There is no Christian life that has not in it sacrifice, and that alone is the sacrifice which is made in the spirit of the conflagration of the 'Ephesian letters,' without reserve, without hesitation, without insincere tenderness. If the slave-holder, convinced of the iniquity of the traffic in man, sells the slaves on his estate to the neighboring planter, the mark of sincerity is wanting; or if the trader in opium or in spirits quits his nefarious commerce, but first secures the value of all that remains in his warehouse or in his shops, again there is something which betokens the want of a heart true and honest.—F. W. Robertson.

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, August 15.—Topic—What are you sowing? Gal. vi., 7-10.

C. E. Topic.

Monday, August 9.—Humbled by God. Ex. v., 15-23.

Tuesday, August 10.—Facing the foe. Jas. iv., 5-10.

Wednesday, August 11.—The sword of the Spirit.—Eph. vi., 10-18.

Thursday, August 12.—The great shadow. Jer. ii., 6; Rom. viii., 20-23.

Friday, August 13.—Turning back. Heb. iii., 12-19.

Saturday, August 14.—The daybreak. I. John ii., 8-11.

Sunday, August 15.—Topic—Pilgrim's Progress Series. VIII. Two Valleys. Ps. xxii., 1-8; Mic. vii., 7, 8; Rom. viii., 35-39.

Ridicule of Youth's Ambitions

The teacher should be on his guard against laughing at the expressed ambition of an aspiring youth. The author of a recent book tells us of a splendid young man who said: 'I would have been on the foreign mission field had not my Sunday school teacher laughed at me when I told him my new-born desire. I expect to go now, but what of those seven years?'

There was a teacher without sympathy and understanding. He had thoughtlessly blighted a blossom of holy purpose as it bloomed. That young man needed counsel and encouragement. It is in youth that the holy ambitions are born that later develop in the noblest achievement.

O teacher, when you see in your pupil the spark of holy purpose, fan it into flame, fan it into flame! Thus your pupil, with his purpose and his abilities and his opportunities, may accomplish in the world a thousandfold more good than his teacher. But no, not so; for all that he shall achieve, will be in part due to the teacher.—The 'Central Baptist.'

Sunday School Offer.

Any school in Canada that does not take the 'Messenger' may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

TEN DOLLARS
For One Photograph

Have you sent your entry for the Camera Contest, which closes on August 1st?

The Competition is for the most interesting picture.

Artistic merit will, of course, be considered, but the general interest of the photograph will be the chief factor in the contest.

There will be seven prizes as follows: 1st, $10.00; 2nd, $7.00, 3rd, $4.00; and the next four, $1.00 each.

Send prints, which need not be mounted, as early as possible, securely protected by cardboard, and enclose a slip with a full description of the subject of the photograph.

Mark "Photo Contest," and address:

Managing Editor, CANADIAN PICTORIAL,
142 St. Peter Street, Montreal.

BOYS

If you would like a nice rubber pad, with your own name and address, also a self-inking pad—all for a little work, drop us a card and we will tell you about it. Splendid for marking your books, etc. Address, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Anyone may become a member of the R. L. of K. by copying out the above pledge, signing and sending it to the editor.

PLEDGE CARDS.—For those who wish to have them, we issue neat and durable pledge cards, 4 inches by 6, printed in purple and white, and ready to hang on the wall. Single cards, five cents and two cents for postage; six cards to one address, twenty-five cents and two cents for postage.

BADGES.—We also issue for sale with the pledge card, if desired, a neat brooch pin of fine hard enamel, in the above design of a bow in our own league colors, purple and white. Single badge with pledge card, and postage included, twenty-five cents; five badges with pledge cards and postage included to one address, one dollar.

Mark all orders on both envelope and letter with the three letters R.L.K.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Sam Fishing.' Vernon Deller (age 11), N., Ont.
2. 'A Pail.' J. Russell Edgerton (age 9), W., Ont.
3. 'An Elephant.' Arthur Meldrum, O., Ont.
4. 'Doves.' Jennie A. Markell (age 13), S. L., Ont.
5. 'Humpty Dumpty.' Ina L. Lewis, C., Ont.
6. 'A Camper.' William J. Hagen (age 12), Ottawa.
7. 'Lilies.' Roselyn M. Davidson (age 9), M., Ont.
8. 'A Box.' Rovene Dawney (age 8), C., N.B.
9. 'An Engine.' Frank Fraser (age 15), Montreal.
10. 'Our House.' Alice Deller (age 7), N., Ont.

R., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I would like to join the Royal League of Kindness. I am nine years and am in the Junior Third Class at school, where I am getting along well. I live two miles away but go pretty nearly every day. Our school is closed at present on account of Scarletina. I have a dear little brother whose name is George he is as cute as can be. I have no little sisters at all. I have two dolls, and baby has a big rag one. I do not have very much time to play with them, because I have to help mamma.

MILDRED HARLTON.

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little girl ten years old. I have one little sister three years old, and a pet dog named Buster. We have not had him long, and he runs away, though he always comes back.

MARJORIE CLARK (aged 10).

R., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am just getting over the measles and my sister is getting them, they are not very nice I can tell you. A branch of the G. T. R. track runs about one hundred yards from the house, and it is very interesting to watch the trains as they go by. The creek runs about three times as far from the house, they both run through our farm. We have a hundred acres of land.

CARL NICHOLS (aged 10.)

P., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I am twelve years old and the only boy in the family. I help papa work the farm. I drive horses, mow hay, dig potatoes, weed the garden, and do many other things that have to be done. I am going to be a farmer. I am glad school stopped, because I didn't like to go at all. I think this letter is long enough, so I will close.

DOUGLAS SOBEY.

P., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have had three or four of my letters printed, and so I have courage to write another. The holidays have come, and I for one am very glad. We are having some wet weather now. There is a great number of robins here this summer, I found seven nests. I heard a whippoorwill singing the other night, it was the first one I ever heard. The strawberries are getting ripe and are going to be quite thick this year, I think. I hope so any way. I have a pup named Rowdy, and he is very playful. I also have a little red calf and a flock of chickens.

BUTTERCUP.

V. L., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I live on a small farm in Ont., and the school is so close I can talk to my mamma from it. I am only seven years old. The creek runs through our farm, and they dug it out deeper with the dredge. We had fun sliding down the bank. I have only one little brother, three years old. He is a little mischief, but I love him very much. My two little cousins from North Dakota visited me last winter and I had lots of fun. I was lonesome when they went home.

NOLAN A. RUPERT.

K., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I had send one letter to the 'Messenger.' I can not see that it stand in the paper. I goes to Sunday School and public school to. I got 34 day in Sunday School and I got a little nice box for present. Regards to every one who read the 'Messenger.'

HILDUR YOHANSON.

[You come from Sweden, don't you, Hildur? But you can write quite a nice little English letter. Ed.]

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Messenger' through the Sunday School. I greatly enjoyed the story written by Aileen Hanna, and hope she will send one again. I am sorry that Aileen is an invalid and cannot run about like most children. I like reading and I read quite a bit. One of my favorite authors is Annie S. Swan. I think she writes such nice stories for children. I hope that Maude Tanner will soon write in French. OLIVE BICKELL.

S. H., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am just a little girl only eight years old. I go to school every day, and am in the Fourth Grade. I have one sister and three brothers, and I am the baby. My pets are two kittens, a calf, and a lamb. I like to feed and play with them. We have an organ and I can play quite nicely.

LOTTIE MAY HILCHEY.

P. H., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I am nine years old and thought I was old enough to write a letter to the 'Messenger.' My papa and a friend of his are starting a sheep ranch, they have ninety sheep now. I go with papa at shearing times. I have a dog named Teddie. We have one horse. I have three sisters and one brother, but they are too small to go to school.

PERCY REID.

B., N.S.

Dear Editor,—When I wrote before I was living in Rosevale, N.B. Since then I have been to Hamilton, N.Y., where papa went for a three years' theological course. I liked it very well. It is a pretty place with its old college buildings. Last June papa graduated and we came back to the provinces, visiting Niagara on the way, and settled here. Papa has a large field covering about thirty miles. I like B. It is a pretty little village.

ADELIA SEELYE.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—It is quite a long time since I wrote to the 'Messenger,' so I thought I would write to you now. Our summer vacation started last Friday, and I am glad school has stopped through the hot summer months. We tried our exams just before we stopped school, and some were very difficult, but I hope I passed. I love to read a good deal, and I am now reading a book 'Cousin Maude,' written by Mary Holmes. I like to read Ralph Connor's books. I have read several and think they are splendid. I write stories myself. I have not seen many letters in the paper from B., It is a very pretty city. It has such fine buildings and residences. I get the 'Messenger' at Sunday School and think it's a paper worth reading.

DOCHIE PEARCE.

S. B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have three brothers and two sisters. Both my sisters are married and my eldest brother. One of my sisters just lives about a mile from us. I like to run over and play with the children. I take music lessons and am getting along very well. I am not going to school now. I like living on a farm very much. In the spring when there are so many little pigs, lambs, calves, and especially when a little colt comes, there is always something to look at and play with.

MURIEL A. KIRK.

A. H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am eight years old and have a twin brother, his name is Harold. We both read in the same book. We had lots of fun learning to skate this winter. Harold can skate pretty well, but I am not so good at it. We have a little dog named Carlo, and have lots of fun with him. ERNEST GRANT.

WATER-WINGS.

Pleasure and profit for all who live near the water. More popular than ever—made of stout cotton, can be carried in the pocket, yet with a moment's blowing up will support a very heavy person in the water, enabling them very quickly to learn to swim. If you can swim already, there's heaps of fun waiting for you in a pair of waterwings. Sell EIGHT COPIES of the 'Canadian Pictorial' at 10 CENTS EACH, send us the money, and you get the wings at once. Write us for a package to-day.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

All's Well That Ends Well.

(West Coaster, in the 'Otago Witness.')

It was shortly past noon on a scorching hot summer day, when the back gate clicked and honest, merry-hearted Robert Clarke, dredge-master of the Daylight dredge in Garton Creek, came up the path to the house.

'Here's dad, mother,' cried ten-and-a-half years'-old May, who had run to the door when she heard footsteps approaching, to see who was coming.

Mrs. Clarke was bustling around getting dinner ready, and a minute later came out of the back door.

'Is dinner nearly ready, mother?' inquired Mr. Clarke as he busily washed his black, oily hands, for they had been doing some repairs on the dredge that morning. 'I am as hungry as a hunter.'

'It will be in two minutes,' answered his wife with a smile. 'Do you think you could wait as long as that?'

'I think I might with an effort. This is thirsty weather,' and he pumped a cup of cold water to drink. 'Eh, Nelly?' as his eldest child, a bright girl of 13 years of age, passed him.

'Yes, it is, dad; I think it is hotter here than at Glengowrie.

'You are quite right there, Nelly,' he answered, and then followed her into the house.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, with their five children, had only arrived on the West Coast about two months before our story opens, having come from Glengowrie, in the south of New Zealand, whither Mr. Clarke had been master on one of the unsuccessful dredges there. He had a married sister living near Garton, a Mrs. Dunn, wife of a sawmiller, but her home was a good two miles away, as she lived further up than the township, while the Clarkes were living down on Gordon terrace, on the other side of the creek.

Garton is a rough gold-mining locality, which in the early days of the diggings was far-famed, but now, with the exception of a couple of sluicing claims and a few old hatters in the back gullies, all the gold procured is got by means of dredging.

In the Garton Creek five dredges work day and night, and the creek bed is filled up with great tailings heaps, the ground in places yielding very rich returns. The creek flows down a valley between hills and terraces, most of which are covered with heavy bush. On the terraces on either side of the creek are numerous old workings. Gold, gold, gold had been the one thought of the old miners, and they had turned over large pieces of land, feverishly seeking for the precious metal, and now where once had been scenes of the greatest activity, large holes were gaping, big heaps of stones were lying, and the remains of the old tailraces which once ran in all directions. Nature had done her best to lessen the glaring scars made on her face by man by covering the stones with bright red lichens and grey moss. Small shrubs were getting a footing here and there, and the country here made a wild though picturesque scene.

When dinner was over Mr. Clarke sat reading the paper that had come in that morning; but his wife had a very busy afternoon before her, as it was washing day. 'May, I want you to go up to Aunt May's after school on a message for me,' said her mother, as she passed through the kitchen, where the girls were washing-up for her. 'Oh, mother, may I?' cried May in a pleased voice, for all the children dearly loved their aunt, who was very good to them.

'Yes, and you may stay to tea, if auntie asks you, and Nelly will go up for you later.'

'Mummie, may I go, too?' cried eight-year-old Jack and six-year-old Flo, in one voice.

'Jack might go,' but as Flo looked disappointed at this, she added, 'You shall go with Robin and mother to-morrow, Flo, if it is fine,' and Flo was happy again.

The four children soon hurried off to school, which was built in the township. They had to cross the creek on a suspension bridge. Lessons over for the day, May and Jack set out for their aunt's. It was still very warm, and after the close schoolroom they were glad to be out in the fresh air.

'Oh, I feel so hot and tired,' said little Jack, when the had left the township behind.

'Do let us have a rest in the shade, May,' and he turned off the road into the bush growing on one side of it—on the other were old workings—his sister following him. After a rest in the welcome shade, they rose to go on their way.

'What lovely ferns!' cried May, in an admiring tone, looking at some growing close by, for they had had no bush, and only a few common ferns near their southern home. 'Let us gather some to take to auntie.'

Jack assented to this proposal, and through the somewhat tangled undergrowth, up and down hills and gullies they scrambled, first this way, and then that, eagerly searching for and filling their hands with the beautiful green ferns that grow so luxuriantly in damp climates in New Zealand. Not a thought of losing themselves crossed the minds of the two children, so unused to bush country, as they wandered on.

'I think we have plenty now,' said May after some time had elapsed, glancing with satisfaction at the big bunches in their hands.

'We had better go back, Jack. This is the way we came,' and she turned round and onward they went, each step they took—though they little knew it—leading them further into the bush. On, on they trudged, over the rough, hilly ground, scratching their hands and faces, and tearing their clothes with lawyer vines. At last they came to a little creek flowing down a gully.

'We didn't pass here before, May,' said Jack, gazing at it. 'We must have come the wrong way.'

May had begun to suspect this for a while, but had silenced her fears by telling herself it was ridiculous; but now they mastered her. She sat down by the side of the stream and her tears overflowed. 'Oh, Jack, we are lost! I don't know where we are. Daddy, mummie, come to us,' she sobbed, and Jack wept in sympathy.

The poor, forlorn, tired little pair sat there crying, till Jack tearfully asked, 'Will we have to live in the bush for ever, now, May, and never go home any more?'

May struggled to her feet. 'I'm frightened to stay here all night. There may be wild pigs about,' and she looked around about her in a scared manner.

Wild pigs! Oh, horror of horrors! Jack, who was always terrified by the sight of pigs ever since he had seen a man get a nasty bite from a savage sow several years before, started to his feet.

'Quick, quick, May!' he cried, staring about him, thoroughly frightened. 'Let's get out of this,' and he began to scramble on again as fast as his tired limbs would carry him, stumbling and falling over in his haste, while May followed behind more soberly, but not less afraid. After they had gone some distance they struck a track, leading they knew not whither, but they brightened at the sight of it, for it must take them somewhere. Hand-in-hand they wearily plodded along it, keeping a sharp look-out for the wild pigs they expected to encounter at any moment, and soon came to a larger creek, close on the banks of which stood an old deserted hut.

The sun had sunk in the west by this time, and the only sounds that broke the silence of the forest were the songs of the birds before they went to rest. The children felt they could not go a step further. Where could they spend the night in safety? In the old hut? But what if a pig was in there? They shuddered at the thought. May at length plucked up enough courage to push in the crazy door, then scurried back to Jack, who was looking round a tree trunk near by, like a frightened hare. Not a sound of movement came from the hut, and gaining confidence, they at last crept quietly up and peeped in at the door. The hut was empty, except for an old bunk in one corner, several boxes, and a ricketty old table. Seeing that that was all, they hurried inside, shut the door to, then dragged what they could against it to barricade out what animals might be in the bush. This done, the worn-out little couple crawled up on to the bunk, and creeping into one another's arms, cried themselves to sleep.

Meanwhile at home Mrs. Clarke was as busy as could be all afternoon, and by 5 o'clock felt fagged out.

'Nelly, you set the tea for me, while I go and have a short rest,' she said, and went and sat down in the sitting room.

Flo and baby Robin were laughing and playing with Tabby, the cat, in the kitchen.

'Oo is a naughty pussie,' he said, as Tabby struggled out of his arms. 'Wobin want oo.'

'Catch her, Robin,' encouraged Flo. Plump rosy Robin rose from his sitting posture and ran towards Tabby as she sat on the hearth in front of the open fire.

'Me caught oo, now,' cried he, chuckling, as he made a grab at her, but just then he tripped and fell forward against the burning wood in the fire. Instantly his light, white pinafore was in flames, and the house was filled with cries of pain and terror. Nelly ran out of the pantry, but Mrs. Clarke, who rushed through the house, pushed her aside. She caught up the rug on the floor and enveloped the little blazing figure, who had risen and was coming towards her, in it and rolled him over and over on the floor till all the flames were extinguished. Simple remedies were soon applied to the smarting burns on poor Robin's arms and face, which, owing to his mother's presence of mind, were not serious ones.

Mr. Clarke, accompanied by his brother-in-law, George Dunn, came in a few minutes later, and was surprised to see Mrs. Clarke, her face as white as a sheet, sitting with Robin on her lap trying to soothe him, while Mrs. Wood, their next door neighbor, was bandaging his arms. But when they had heard all they were filled with thankfulness that it was no worse. The usual routine of the house was broken by the accident, Mrs. Clarke going to bed very early, while Mrs. Wood and Nelly attended to the needs of all.

'What am I to do about May and Jack?' Nelly asked anxiously of her father about 7 o'clock. 'They went up to Aunt May's after school, and I was to have gone up and brought them home.

'Oh, you can't go now. Your uncle would tell auntie of Robin's mishap, and probably she will keep them with her all night. There's not the slightest need to worry about them if they don't come home to-night, as they are in good hands.'

Nelly felt relieved, and when, needless to say, they did not come, concluded they were safe with their aunt.

May and Jack woke very early next morning, and soon left the hut where they had spent the night, feeling very stiff, sore, and hungry. Sounds carried well in the calm, still morning air, and they could hear the cheerful, friendly sound of the rattling of working dredges from more than one direction. The noise coming up the creek indicated a dredge at work down it, so they followed the track leading that way.

Imagine the surprise of John Ashley, an old friend of Robert Clarke's, when he came out of his door that morning and saw the two children approaching. He and his warm-hearted wife, who had come out on hearing his astonished exclamation, soon had the pair inside and eating some warm breakfast, while they related between bites their tale of woe.

'You poor little mites,' cried Mrs. Ashley, kissing them. 'John,' turning to her husband, 'their parents will be most anxious about them, and searching high and low. You had better take them home directly.'

Half an hour later saw Mr. Ashley and three of his dredge hands, who had volunteered their services, travelling as quickly as possible back along the bush track, past the hut and over the hills, hastening towards Garton, and taking turns in carrying the children.

'May and Jack stayed with Aunt May last night, mother,' remarked Nelly when they were seated at breakfast, when Mrs. Clarke cast an inquiring glance at the unoccupied chairs.

'It was just like her, keeping them, she is so kind,' replied the mother, who was her usual self again.

Mr. Clarke, who just then looked out of the window, saw a lady on horseback riding along the road.

'Ah!' said he, 'talk about angels and you will hear their wings' and he smiled. 'Here comes my good sister to make inquiries concerning our welfare.'

Mrs. Dunn entered with her brother, who had gone out to meet her five minutes later, bringing with her an air of bright cheerfulness.

'How are you all, my dear?' kissing her sister-in-law. 'I just had to come to see how

you were. 'Well, Robin, chick-a-bid, better to-day, are you?' patting his scorched head and stooping to kiss the poor little red face uplifted to hers. 'It is a marvel how he escaped, Maggie. I wanted to come down last night, but George said you were in Mrs. Wood's hands, so I knew you would lack no attention.'

'Won't you sit down, and have some breakfast with us, May?' asked Mrs. Clarke.

'Oh, I had breakfast long ago, but I don't mind if I have a cup of tea, thank you. Your family is very small this morning, Robert,' speaking to her brother. 'Where is my namesake and Jack? Surely not in bed yet?'

'Don't you think you can answer that question best yourself, May, seeing they stayed with you last night,' laughed Mr. Clarke, thinking she didn't mean it.

'Stayed with me!' exclaimed Mrs. Dunn. 'You are surely joking, Robert. Why, I haven't seen them for some days.'

The parents gazed stupefied at the speaker for a few seconds, then their numbed brains took in the meaning of her words—May and Jack had not been near their aunt's. Where could they be, then? was the thought that rose uppermost in their minds, and to think what might have happened to them in the wild surrounding country frightened them.

The hour that followed will always seem like a horrible dream to them. Mr. Clarke, full of anxiety about his children, hurried away to ask the neighbors to help him to form a search-party to go out and scour the country-side for the missing little ones, while his sister tried in vain, by hopeful words, to soothe and lessen the fears of his wife. A story of a child drowned in a hole, told to her only last week, flashed through Mrs. Clarke's mind. 'The old workings!' she gasped, shuddering, and fear lending wings to her feet she rushed out of the house and sped along the road. Mrs. Dunn took the other children next door and handed them over to the care of motherly Mrs. Wood, and soon had unhitched her horse, which was tied to the gatepost, mounted, and followed her sister-in-law.

The news spread like wildfire, and soon numbers of people had joined in the search among the workings above Garton, while parties of men, led by persons well acquainted with the surrounding country, set out to hunt the bush, waking the echoes with their shouts.

Mrs. Clarke seemed to have the energy of two, and how she clambered over the rough ground as she did is a mystery to her to this day. At last, pale and exhausted, the poor, grief-stricken woman sank down on a heap of stones, and the other searchers clustered around her, uttering words of sympathy, and bidding her not to lose hope.

When the little band, coming over the hills, drew near Garton, they heard the coo-ees of the search parties who had not long gone out, and answered them with ringing British cries of 'Hurrah!' which echoed and re-echoed among the hills and valleys, and continued on their way. As they reached the township the party of searchers of which Mr. Clarke was a member came out of the bush a little further up than the track to Stoney Creek, for they had started back on hearing the welcome cheers. Mrs. Clarke, white and trembling, tottered down the road, assisted by Mrs. Dunn and a friend, each lending her an arm. What a meeting it was between parents and children! How they clung to each other as if they would never let go again, the father and mother thanking God fervently for their children's safe return. It is to be doubted if one of the crowd gathered around was dry-eyed at the touching scene of reunion. Excitement ran high, and loud cheers and hurrahs sounded again and yet again many times in the warm morning air of another scorching hot day.

Mr. Clarke at last brokenly thanked his friends and neighbors for their kindly sympathy and help to his wife and himself in their time of trouble, and there was renewed cheering and a general hand-shaking, while the women nearly smothered the worn-out children with kisses.

Mrs. Clarke's nerves were badly shaken by the strain she had gone through, and she was on the verge of a collapse, so a trap was obtained to drive home the family in state. Amid more ringing cheers and many expressions of goodwill they drove off.

In two or three days the family quite got over those eventful 24 hours, and now, though four years have come and gone since then, that day has never been forgotten in Garton, and Mr. and Mrs. Clarke are wont to declare that if people wish to find warm hearts they must go to the West Coast.

What the Moon Saw.

(By Hans C. Andersen. Translated by H. W. Dulcken, Ph.D.)

(Continued.)

SECOND EVENING.

'Yesterday,' said the Moon to me, 'I looked down upon a small courtyard surrounded on all sides by houses. In the courtyard sat a clucking hen with eleven chickens; and a pretty little girl was running and jumping around them. The hen was frightened, and screamed, and spread out her wings over the little brood. Then the girl's father came out and scolded her; and I glided away and thought no more of the matter.

'But this evening, only a few minutes ago, I looked down into the same courtyard. Everything was quiet. But presently the little girl came forth again, crept quietly to the hen-house, pushed back the bolt, and slipped into the apartment of the hen and chickens. They cried out loudly, and came fluttering down from their perches, and ran about in dismay, and the little girl ran after them. I saw it quite plainly, for I looked through a hole in the hen-house wall. I was angry with the wilful child, and felt glad when her father came out and scolded her more violently than yesterday, holding her roughly by the arm: she held down her head, and her blue eyes were full of large tears. "What are you about here?" he asked. She wept and said, "I wanted to kiss the hen and beg her pardon for frightening her yesterday; but I was afraid to tell you."

'And the father kissed the innocent child's forehead, and I kissed her on the mouth and eyes.'

THIRD EVENING.

'In the narrow street round the corner yonder—it is so narrow that my beams can only glide for a minute along the walls of the house, but in that minute I see enough to learn what the world is made of—in that narrow street I saw a woman. Sixteen years ago that woman was a child, playing in the garden of the old parsonage, in the country. The hedges of rose-bush were old, and the flowers were faded. They straggled wild over the paths, and the ragged branches grew up among the boughs of the apple trees; here and there were a few roses still in bloom—not so fair as the queen of flowers generally appears, but still they had color and scent too. The clergyman's little daughter appeared to me a far lovelier rose, as she sat on her stool under the straggling hedge, hugging and caressing her doll with the battered pasteboard cheeks.

'Ten years afterwards I saw her again. I beheld her in a splendid ball-room: she was the beautiful bride of a rich merchant. I rejoiced at her happiness, and sought her on calm quiet evenings—ah, nobody thinks of my clear eye and my silent glance! Alas! my rose ran wild, like the rose bushes in the garden of the parsonage. There are tragedies in every-day life, and to-night I saw the last act of one.

'She was lying in bed in a house in that narrow street: she was sick unto death, and the cruel landlord came up, and tore away the thin coverlet, her only protection against the cold. "Get up!" said he; "your face is enough to frighten one. Get up and dress yourself, and earn money, or I'll turn you out into the street! Quick—get up!" She answered, "Alas! death is gnawing at my heart. Let me rest." But he forced her to get up

THE LITTLE GIRL AND THE CHICKENS.

and paint her face, and put a wreath of roses in her hair; and he placed her in a chair at the window, with a candle burning beside her, and went away.

'I looked at her, and she was sitting motionless, with her hands in her lap. The wind caught the open window and shut it with a crash, so that a pane came clattering down in fragments; but still she never moved. The curtain caught fire, and the flames played about her face; and I saw that she was dead. There at the open window sat the dead woman, preaching a sermon against "sin"—my poor faded rose out of the parsonage garden!'

FOURTH EVENING.

'This evening I saw a German play acted,' said the Moon. 'It was in a little town in a stable. All the timber work had been covered with colored paper and a little iron chandelier hung beneath the ceiling, and that it might be made to disappear into the ceiling, a great inverted tub had been placed just above it.

'"Ting-ting!" and the little iron chandelier suddenly rose at least half a yard and disappeared in the tub. A young nobleman and his lady, who happened to be passing through the little town, were present at the performance, and consequently the house was crowded. But under the chandelier was a vacant space like a little crater: not a single soul sat there, for the tallow was dropping, drip, drip! I saw everything, for it was so warm in there that every loophole had been opened. The male and female servants stood outside, peeping through the chinks, although a real policeman was inside, threatening them with a stick. Close by the orchestra could be seen the noble young couple in two old arm-chairs, which were usually occupied by His Worship the Mayor and his lady; but these latter were to-day obliged to content themselves with wooden forms, just as if they had been ordinary citizens; and the lady observed quietly

to herself, "One sees, now, that there is rank above rank;" and this incident gave an air of extra festivity to the whole proceedings. The chandelier gave little leaps, the crowd got their knuckles rapped, and I, the Moon, was present at the performance from beginning to end.'

FIFTH EVENING.

'Yesterday,' began the Moon, 'I looked down upon the turmoil of Paris. My eye penetrated into an apartment of the Louvre. An old grandmother, poorly clad—she belonged to the working class—was following one of the under-servants into the great empty throne-room, for this was the apartment she wanted to see—that she was resolved to see; it had cost her many a little sacrifice, and many a coaxing word, to penetrate thus far. She folded her thin hands, and looked round with an air of reverence, as if she had been in a church.

'"Here it was!" she said, "here!" And she approached the throne, from which hung the rich velvet fringed with gold lace. "There," she exclaimed, "there!" and she knelt and kissed the purple carpet. I think she was actually weeping.

'"But it was not 'this very' velvet!" observed the footman, and a smile played about his mouth. "True, but it was this very place," replied the woman, "and it must have looked just like this." "It looked so, and yet it did not," observed the man: "the windows were beaten in, and the doors were off their hinges, and there was blood upon the floor." "But for all that you can say, my grandson died upon the throne of France. Died!" mournfully repeated the old woman. I do not think another word was spoken, and they soon quitted the hall. The evening twilight faded, and my light shone doubly vivid upon the rich velvet that covered the throne of France.

'Now, who do you think this poor woman was? Listen, I will tell you a story.

'It happened, in the Revolution of July, on the evening of the most brilliantly victorious day, when every house was a fortress, every window a breastwork. The people stormed the Tuileries. Even women and children were to be found among the combatants. They penetrated into the apartments and halls of the palace. A poor half-grown boy in a ragged blouse fought among the older insurgents. Mortally wounded with several bayonet thrusts, he sank down. This happened in the throne-room. They laid the bleeding youth upon the throne of France, wrapped the velvet around his wounds, and his blood streamed forth upon the imperial purple. There was a picture! the splendid hall, the fighting groups! A torn flag lay upon the ground, the tricolor was waving above the bayonets, and on the throne lay the poor lad with the pale glorified countenance, his eyes turned towards the sky, his limbs writhing in the death agony, his breast bare, and his poor tattered clothing half hidden by the rich velvet embroidered with silver lilies. At the boy's cradle a prophecy had been spoken: "He will die on the throne of France!" The mother's heart dreamt of a second Napoleon.

'My beams have kissed the wreath of "immortelles" on his grave, and this night they kissed the forehead of the old grandame, while in a dream the picture floated before her which thou mayest draw—the poor boy on the throne of France.'

(To be Continued.)

Where Cats Go A-fishing.

(John N. Cobb, in the 'Cat Review.')

When the cat's well-known aversion to water is taken into account, it is surprising to find that in a few instances this domestic feline has allowed its acquired love for fish to overpower its repugnance to getting wet. The best-known instance is that reported by Buckland, the English naturalist.

A fisherman of Portsmouth had a cat which bore the name of Puddles, and this animal used to accompany him on his nightly fishing trips. As they neared the fishing-grounds, the cat would perch itself in the bow of the boat and keep a close watch for the schools. As soon as the boat would get into a school, overboard would go Puddles, to return in a minute with a fish in its mouth, and it would keep on until fishing was over for the night, apparently greatly enjoying every minute of the time.

A Lake George, New York, fisherman, a few years ago, owned a large black cat which used to assist him in fishing for trout. As its master sat on the shore waiting patiently for a bite, pussy would lie quietly by his side, apparently fast asleep. Let him get a bite, however, and, lo! what a change. Pussy was then wide awake, and rushed up and down the shore in excitement. When, after some struggling, the fisherman managed to work the trout into the shallow water near shore, in would jump pussy up to the shoulders, and, fixing its claws firmly in the fish, bring it to the bank and lay it at its master's feet. It would then resume its place beside its master and dream away the time until another trout was on the line.

Plea for the Sparrow.

(F., in 'Our Dumb Animals.')

Are you the possessor of a pear tree or a rosebush? If so, listen with patience and gratitude to the noisy English sparrow.

He is your busiest and most faithful little helper that nature affords against the multitude of enemies of both.

For upwards of thirty years the writer has been a close observer of these birds and their industry, and is not guessing

The great pest of the pear tree is a white borer with pink head. His grub-mother lays her eggs where the bark offers protection to them, and when the infant borer is hatched he works his way to the sweet inner sap, and eats out a sumptuous home, free from danger. When a limb dies toward the tree-top it is notice of lack of sap that the borer has stopped somewhere down in the trunk, erroneously called 'sun-blight.' The English sparrow is particularly fond of the fledgling borers, picks them out from under loose bark and saves the orchard from destruction.

The vermin that make wormy pears begin business in the bloom. Here is the sparrow's breakfast food without cooking. Did you ever see him pick these vermin out of blossoms, flitting from one to another, working not by the hour but by the job? He does it just the same. No eight-hour law or Union dictation clips his wings or shrivels his ambition. And where he is most assiduous there will be gathered the largest and fairest fruit in the fall. No man or set of men can perform for you this trick of the sparrow.

The worm that infests rosebushes does his worst from the under side of the leaf, difficult to reach with any manner of spraying. And the spray that destroys the worm is no help to the bush.

The sparrow hustles among and under the branches and captures these worms by the thousands. Though working for his living he incidentally saves the bush and gives us roses. What is his clatter and harmless clutter compared with a fresh-leaved bush, covered with bright and perfect roses?

If the sparrow does not attack tent caterpillars, neither does the robin, who is not reproached for the same neglect. And what of it? They each pursue the prey of their special liking, very much like 'other folks,' in this respect, is it not?

Last summer some species of worms attacked a large Norway maple in the writer's yard, and devoured the leaves over a space as large as a barn door, when, suddenly, the sparrows pounced upon the scene in a bunch. They cleaned off the worms, and in the fall no trace was left of the incident.

Brown-tail moths, when loaded with eggs, are another choice morsel of the English sparrow, whatever may be written to the contrary. Things seen we know exist. Such is the line of cleavage between theory and a condition.

But the latest and most astonishing discovery against the sparrow emanates from a moth exterminator in Essex County, Massachusetts. He says the English sparrow has driven away the woodpecker. Do you tell me! Of course he has never seen a 'downy' tumble a sparrow end over end, which is not infrequent, and he forgets that he is cutting down every dead tree he can find, and is plugging every hole he sees in trees not dead. Where, then, can he suppose the woodpecker, whose home is in a tree, is going to live? Certainly, if such a home cannot be found in Essex County the woodpecker will seek some place where there are trees with holes in them, or dead trees in which he can peck holes for himself. It is contemptible officialdom that makes a business of depriving the woodpecker of a domicile and, with an air of authority, charges the English sparrow with it. Even Adam accused one of his size.

And let us hope official imbecility will not charge the Chelsea fire upon our little friend, who, apparently, has so few friends. Neither does observation find that the sparrow drives away any other birds, whatever. On the contrary, other birds abuse him. If any one has fruit trees, rosebushes or woodbine, he can make no better investment for their preservation than to entice the sparrows to stay with him by feeding them well during the winter, and by furnishing shelter for them also. To insure help, cultivate the source from which it is to come. Gratitude, alone, is weak recognition of salvation, however free. The popular clamor against the English sparrow is chiefly sentimental. His beneficial service is practical and cannot be over-estimated.

What is a Gentleman?

Let no boy think he can be made a gentleman by the clothes he weare, the horse he rides, the stick he carries, the dog which trots after him, the house he lives in, or the money he spends. Not one nor all these things do it, and yet every boy may be a gentleman. He may wear an old hat, cheap clothes, live in a poor house, and spend but little money. But how? By being true, manly, and honorable; by keeping himself neat and respectable; by being civil and courteous; by respecting himself and others; by doing the best he knows how; and finally, and above all, by fearing God and keeping his commandments.—'Western Christian Advocate.'

Value of Owls and Hawks.

Bounty Offered by State of Pennsylvania Cost Farmers Nearly $4,000,000.

Does it pay the farmers to protect hawks and owls? Any farmer who has studied the habits of these birds will admit that it does, according to J. W. Franzen of the Minneapolis public library museum, in 'Farm, Stock and Home.' Of all the hawks and owls of eastern North America only the coopers and sharp-shinned hawk and the great horned owl can be said to be more harmful than useful. Hawks and owls are the natural enemies of gophers, field mice and other harmful rodents, which, if left unchecked, would increase in such numbers as to make farming unprofitable if not impossible. These birds are also great destroyers of grasshoppers, locusts and other insects. What are farmers doing to protect these birds? As a general rule they are shot on sight. Truly a signal reward for their services.

In 1885 an act was passed in the state of Pennsylvania known as the scalp act, a bounty of fifty cents was offered for each hawk and owl killed within the state. The state paid out bounty on over 100,000 birds. The farmers were satisfied that the chicken-killers were destroyed. About two years later the gophers, field mice and noxious insects appeared in such numbers that the farmers were powerless to deal with them. The result of this foolish act was that the farmers suffered a loss of nearly $1,000,000 in a year and a half. Dr. Fisher of Washington has found that 90 percent of the food of the red-shouldered hawk, commonly called chicken-hawk or hen-hawk, consists of injurious mammals and insects; while 200 castings of the barn owl contained the skulls of 454 small mammals, no less than 225 of these being skulls of destructive field or meadow mice.

No hawk or owl should be killed without being first given a fair trial. It may only be a certain individual that is killing chickens. If this one is found guilty and shot it will generally be all that is needed. One should not condemn the whole tribe for the wrongdoing of a few. A pair of barn owls on a farm are equal to half a dozen cats. Encourage the presence of these useful birds on your farm and you will be well repaid.

Between the great things that we cannot do and the small things we will not do, the danger is that we shall do nothing.

LITTLE FOLKS

What Granpapa Said.

(May T. E. Litchfield, in 'Little Folks.')

I used to hate to brush my hair, when mother made me do it.
And I would rather gobble down my food than stop to chew it;
I didn't like to take a walk, or read instead of play—
Until grandfather said to me, when I was cross one day
And rightly blamed;
'How would you like it if you hadn't any hair to brush,
Or any teeth all nice and strong, and had to live on mush?
Suppose you had the rheumatism bad in your left knee,
And couldn't see to read without your spectacles, like me!'
I felt ashamed.

Our Tab Cat.

I wonder why Roger and Pilot don't like Tab? I'm sure she behaves very well, and catches lots of mice, and even rats, though I'm rather sorry for the mice, because, you know, mice are such dear little warm nestling things—'sometimes.' I had a little one once; such a darling! It lived in a china bath; of course, I mean without any water in it; and it was so 'very' tame. One day I gave it a piece of candle, because I knew mice liked candles to eat: only I gave it composite candle, and I ought to have given it tallow, so it died! I'm afraid I cried, for Robert and Alick thought me a very silly little girl.

Robert and Alick are my brothers, of course. I wonder why brothers think their own sisters silly, and other people's sisters so much nicer? Perhaps it's because they don't see the other people's sisters quite so often, and so don't find it out.

Well, I cried when the mouse died, and used to look about for another, and one day I found one at the bottom of a tall vase. It was a beauty: rather big, but 'so' fat and sleek. Its eyes were very bright, and standing out from its head, and shaking like blackberry jelly. Robert says that shows it was afraid, but 'I' didn't know that.

I put my hand down into the vase where the mouse was a prisoner, and was just going to take it out very gently, when, 'oh,' it bit my finger so very, very hard that I jumped and screamed, and the china vase fell over and was broken all to bits, while my finger was bleeding ever so fast from the bite, and the mouse ran away!

Robert said it was a splendid escape, and the mouse couldn't have planned it better if he'd tried, and mother was sorry about the broken vase. I was sorry too, and had a sore finger besides. I think the mouse was the only one who wasn't sorry at all about something,

TAB DEFENDS HERSELF.

for Jane was cross with me about the 'litter' the broken china made, and Eliza, our cook, was cross that the mouse had got away, because, she says, they are 'the plague of her life.'

Mother thinks she ought to be very happy if the mice are the worst of her troubles, which I don't quite understand; but that was how it happened that Tab came to live in our kitchen, and we hope that Eliza's troubles are over, though she does not seem so 'very' much happier than before.

Tab is a very nice cat, and every one likes her except Roger and Pilot. She's a tabby—not a common grey tabby, but a beautiful brown and striped, like a nice tiger. Pilot is a black retriever puppy, and Roger is a white terrier, with black and tan ears. We called him Roger, because he was so very fat as a little puppy, and he's rather fat still.

I can't tell you all the things they did to show their dislike to poor Tab. They used to chase her into the barn, or up ladders, or down steps, into places where they could not follow, until we were all afraid that Tab would be caught and hurt some time, for they were two to one—which was mean, Alick says.

But I saw something this morning which makes us hope that they may be better friends some day. Tab was sitting in the sun, outside the library window (I believe she likes that place best, because Father doesn't like us children to make a noise just outside), when up came Roger and Pilot. Of course they 'never' remember that Father doesn't like their barking, so they began to make a dreadful noise, and away went Tab, with a tail as bix as six. She ran towards the stables, where a ladder was standing against the door of the loft, and up she went, quite out of the reach of the dogs below.

They barked for some time, and I went to call them away, and then I saw

Tab come slowly down one step after another, until she stood only 'just' out of reach of Roger, when he stood on his hind legs with his front paws resting on the lower steps of the ladder. Roger put up his nose and sniffed, and then Tab—perhaps because she felt very safe where she was—put down her paw, and gave Roger's nose a decided pat; in fact, I think that her claws were out, and that she was ready to scratch him. Roger seemed so astonished that he never said a word—I mean, barked at all—and Pilot looked on as if he was afraid to interfere.

Just then I was called in to do my sums, and when I went out later, Tab was asleep on the step of the ladder, and Roger and Pilot had gone away. They don't go away and leave Tab like that as a rule; and, later, as she walked across the garden, and they began to bark, she turned and looked at them, and they both ran after a bird, as if they had been barking at that!

I didn't hear Tab 'say' anything, but I suppose, when she showed Roger her claws, she told him she could use them, and so he is afraid of her now.—'Sunday Reading for the Young.'

How to Tell Trees.

'Do you know how to tell a hard-wood tree from a soft-wood tree?' asked a forester. 'I'll tell you how to do it, and the rule holds good not only among the familiar pines and walnuts, but in the antipodes, among the strangest banyans, boababs, and what-nots. Soft-wood trees have needle leaves, slim, narrow, almost uniform in breadth. If you don't believe me, consult the pine, the spruce, or the fir. Hard-wood trees have broad leaves of various shape—the oak, the ebony, the walnut, the mahogany, and so on.'—Selected.

In India.

Suppose you schoolboys had to take
Your books upon your head.
That is the way the schoolboys do
In India, so 'tis said—
The books are carried first 'out'side,
And then 'in'side the head.
—'Little Folks.'

An Adopted Squirrel.

One day when we were out hunting we caught a very young squirrel, and we took him home to make a pet of him for the children. But we could not get him to eat anything, and we were afraid he was going to die after all.

Then we thought of Patty. Patty is our gray cat, and she had three of the dearest little kitties about three weeks old. We smuggled our little squirrel into the box with Patty and her babies, and the little thing cuddled up lovingly against Patty's soft, warm fur. Patty jumped up and spit and scolded at the intruder, but the little squirrel drew closer to her and tried to rub against her soft, warm legs; and then Patty didn't know what to do. She stared at the little thing, sniffed a bit, then gave its brown coat a gentle lick with her tongue. The squirrel snuggled closer, and Patty let it stay. She lay down, and the squirrel cuddled close with the little kitties to get some dinner, for it was very, very hungry. Patty looked askance at first, but her heart was big and kind, and she adopted the little thing. She grew to love it dearly, and washed and brushed its brown coat more than her own babies.

When it grew big and strong, it would frisk about and run up the trees, with Patty after it. It could always go faster and higher than Patty, and she would sit on a lower limb mewing for it to come down. The squirrel would chatter back saucily at her.

We kept it a long time, and then someone shot it by mistake: and for days poor Patty went mewing round and climbing as high in the trees as she dared, looking and calling for her adopted baby. But it did not come, and at last Patty forgot.—Selected.

The Lost Top.

I lost my top; oh, what a pity!
But now its fate I know.
I'm sure 'twas swallowed by my kitty,
'Cause when I listen so,
And put my ear down close to her,
I hear it humming—
'Whir—whir—whir-r!'—'St. Nicholas.

Aunt Jeannette's Story.

(Annie H. Donnell, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

(Concluded.)

'O aunty!'

'Oh, no, please no, aunty!'

The tears were in Aunt Jeannette's eyes.

'"But I don't mind—huh!" the little fellow said, cheerily. "There's heaps o' things a fellow can do with his feet. There's run an' walk an', skip an'—this." And he went back to his pies again, whistling. I bought a dozen pies, and went away and left him there. Whenever I think of him now, it's standing there still, whistling and molding his little round, wet pies.'

There was silence in the big, bright nursery for a minute. Danny broke it with a soft little whistle that had quivery-quavery notes in it. Clem was shuffling her stout little boots about, as if she were trying to make imaginary sand pies on the carpet. They were clumsy little feet at that work.

'I couldn't do it, aunty—I couldn't!' she said, soberly.

'Is that all of the story, aunty?' little Doris asked.

'Why, no, not quite. I used to see the little boy often after that, and I found out some other things he could do. He could print and add sums on the blackboard.'

'Now, aunty!'

'Now, aunty! But it was true that he could. Wait till I tell you how. His brother went to school with him every morning and took the shoes and stockings off from his little pink-and-white feet. Then the teacher lifted him up on a high stool and let him take the chalk in his bits of toes and go to work. That is truly what happened every day. And they told me he was a real little scholar. That's all, little Doris.'

Clem picked up her baskets again and started across the room. At the door she stopped.

'I'm going to pick the currants first and then the string-beans,' she said. 'An' then, aunty, don't you want me to pick you those red clovers to dry? You needn't say, "Won't you, please,"' she added, softly, looking down at her little brown hands, 'because I feel just exactly like picking things.'

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Temperance

Before the Cadi.

(G. Gale Thomas, in the 'Christian World.')

(Concluded.)

'Nothing,' says the man doggedly. 'I'm guilty.'

'But what have you done with it?'

'It's no good my saying anything. It would only drag in other people and do no good,' replies the prisoner. One cannot help feeling very sorry for him. Pressed for debts, probably, until at last in desperation, he took the money, preferring the certain punishment of imprisonment to further misery. There is a touch of chivalry in him which compels admiration and regret. What will he do later when he is released, with his life's character ruined?

The next case is a surprise. A youth of nineteen, with a face indicating character and ability, but he is merely a common burglar, perhaps under pressure of poverty. A respectable laboring man tells the court how 30s. was taken from his clothes in the night at the house in Bethnal-green where he lives with his family. It was the whole week's income of the household, and he owed most of it at the little credit shop. He slowly unfolds a grimy bill and offers it for inspection.

'None of us have had any breakfast this morning,' he says. The 30s. was all that stood between them and hunger. One fancies that the prisoner looks regretful but the money has gone with the confederate who escaped. He is committed for trial at the next sessions.

As the poor workman goes sadly out of the court, the practical sympathy of the Cadi is quietly shown. A word to the clerk, and the court missionary steps up to receive whispered directions to inquire into the case and see if the family is really without means. He hurries out on his errand of mercy as a diminutive schoolboy climbs to the dock. He is charged with receiving betting-slips and money for a book-maker. When a detective, dressed like a navvy, has given his evidence, a flashily-dressed man pushes forward from the back of the court and says he is the boy's father. Stepping into the witness-box, he pleads for mercy for his son.

'It's his first offence, sir. Some bookmaker has got hold of the boy, who didn't know what he was doing. If you'll only let him off this time, sir, I'll see he doesn't get into trouble again.'

The magistrate is about to consider it, when the detective intervenes dramatically:

'Your Worship, "this" is the bookmaker.'

Then he tells how the father, keeping a tailor's shop, has long been carrying on a betting business behind the scenes. They have tried in vain to catch him. He has been too clever for them, but the boy, who was his tool, has fallen into their hands.

The father slinks quickly out of court as the magistrate says, 'Fined ten pounds.' The father will pay.

The next is a civil case. An engineer's fitter is brought to the bar before the dock as defendant. A young woman appears to claim a maintenance allowance for her child. The man has been paying for it for two years, but has suddenly stopped the weekly allowance—a pittance of three shillings—and now denies paternity.

A solicitor rises in court on his behalf and begins to browbeat the claimant in a hectoring voice. The helpless woman knows nothing of evidence, and her case is being torn to tatters by direct denial. Fortunately, she has brought with her a motherly woman who has taken care of the child, and affirms that the defendant owned it as his. Still it looks as though the defendant would escape liability. He enters the box and makes denial on oath. The poor woman is at a disadvantage and has no one to take her part.

At length the solicitor finishes, and the Cadi takes the man in hand. By two or three keen questions he elicits admissions in complete contradiction of the evidence just given. The solicitor quickly rises to protest, but is put down quietly and firmly.

'It is perfectly clear,' says the Cadi to the defendant, 'that the statements you made previously are false. I make an order for three shillings a week.'

The plaintiff has won, but only by an unguarded admission from the man who betrayed her.

Here is a field where the women's societies might do much useful work. Again and again in the courts friendless girls, having no money to pay for legal help, or knowledge how to present evidence bearing on their case, fail in their attempt to get monetary justice from the fathers of their children, because of solicitors employed by the men.

Cannot some of the leaders of the women's movement take up the matter, and see that applicants who have 'bona fide' cases shall have legal help from a society financed by their richer sisters? An experience of every-day procedure in the police-courts suggests that this crying evil needs to be met.

Thus the day passes in the quiet court—one long record of drunken violence, sordid crime, sudden yielding to temptation and helpless victims seeking redress for their wrongs. The moral atmosphere saddens the spectator—or hardens him.

The only bright feature is the just and sympathetic judgment of the Cadi. No unprejudiced observer can spend any length of time hearing the cases without recognising that the nation is well served by the administrative officers of the metropolitan police-courts.

Most of the work of the stipendiary magistrates is done quietly and unostentatiously—only a small fraction of the cases are ever reported—but, unlike many of their unpaid brethren in the country, they generally temper justice with mercy, and deserve the confidence and gratitude of the community.

No passengers on board the old ship Zion.
All are crew. Every man to his work then.

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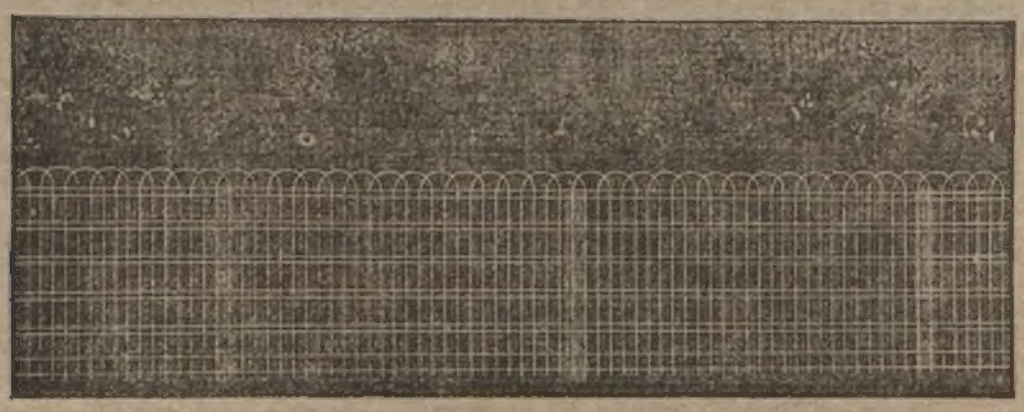

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Things to Forget.

If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbor's faults. Forget the slanders you have heard. Forget the temptations. Forget the fault-finding, and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends, and only remember the good points which make you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels or histories you may have heard by accident, and which, if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they are. Blot out of memory, as far as possible, all the disagreeable occurrences of life; they will come, but they will grow larger when you remember them, and the constant thought of the acts of meanness, or worse still, malice, will only tend to make you more familiar with them. Obliterate

everything disagreeable from yesterday; start out with a clean sheet for to-day, and write upon it, for sweet memory's sake, only those things which are lovely and lovable.—'Herald and Presbyter.'

Chocolate Icing.

Allow one pound of icing sugar to every two ounces of chocolate; grate the latter into a saucepan, and mix with it eight tablespoonfuls of water; stir well, and let it cook gently for ten minutes; then add the sugar, and use while warm.

Fathers and Daughters.

(By Lucy Elliot Keeler, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World.')

(Concluded.)

The great Lord Fairfax married a daughter of Sacharissa, who died young. Halifax wrote a lovely little book to their daughter concluding: 'May you, my dear child, be blessed with a husband and children that may inherit your virtues, that you may shine in the world by a true light and silence envy by deserving to be esteemed. May you so raise your character that you may help to make the next age a better thing and leave posterity in your debt for the advantage it shall receive by your example. Let me conjure you, my dearest, to comply with this wish of a father whose thoughts are so engaged in your behalf that he reckoneth your happiness to be the greatest part of his own.'

'I once remember,' said Lady Morgan, the brilliant Irish novelist, 'that our music teacher complained to our father of our idleness, as we stumbled through a duet. His answer was simple and graphic, for drawing up the sleeve of a handsome surtout he showed the threadbare sleeve of a black coat beneath and said, touching the whitened seams, "I should not be driven to the subterfuge of wearing a greatcoat this warm weather, to conceal the poverty of my dress beneath, if it were not that I wish to give you the advantage of such instruction as you are now neglecting." This shaft went home and the music teacher had no more cause to complain.

'Your letter gave me great pleasure,' wrote M. de la Ferronnay, to the daughter who later became Mrs. Graven and author of he exquisite 'Recit d'une Soeur,' 'like everything else that comes from you. Pauline, my precious daughter, a thousand times dear and beloved—your old father's joy!'

The book with the saddest subtitle in the world is the old 'Lamentations of the glorious king of Kaernaven: Put in prison by his Children'; but unfortunately it has modern instances.

'We have had a glorious revival of religion,' wrote a young married woman in the West to her kindred in the East; 'Charles and I have been hopefully converted. Father has got very old and helpless, so we have sent him to the county house.' One finds one's self speculating with some curiosity what religion it was to which this filial scion was converted. Certainly it could not have been that which is commonly called Christian.

It is Thackeray, so keen to transcribe the foibles of life, who has after all left us one of the sweetest pictures of filial devotion. Amelia, although brought up in Vanity Fair, in the midst of her sorrow and anxiety and poverty, determined with all her might and strength to make her old father happy. She slaved, toiled, patched and mended, sang and played backgammon, read out the newspaper, cooked dishes for old Sedley, walked him out in the Gardens, listened to his stories with untiring smiles and affectionate hypocrisy. When his eyes filled with tears, Amelia wiped them away and smilingly kissed him; and tied the old man's neckcloth in a smart bow, and put his best brooch in his best shirt frill.

The old man clung to his daughter during his sickness. He would take his broths and medicines from no other hand. Her bed was placed close to the door which opened into his chamber and she was alive at the slightest noise from the couch of the querulous invalid, though, to do him justice, he lay awake many an hour, silent and without stirring, unwilling to waken his vigilant nurse. He loved his daughter with more fondness now than ever before. In the discharge of gentle offices and kind filial duties this simple creature shone most especially. She walked into the room as silently as a sunbeam; a cheerful sweetness lighting up her face as she moved to and fro, graceful and noiseless.

Recall the Dombeys, too, and Dickens's presentment of a daughter's devotion:

'It was enough for Florence to sit there, watching him with her thoughts, while her face was intent upon her work. What were his thoughts meanwhile? Had he begun to feel her discarded claims and did they touch him home at last? As he looked he softened to her more and more. As he looked she became blended with the boy he had loved and he could hardly separate the two. As he looked, he saw her for an instant by a clearer and brighter light, not bending over Paul's pillow as his rival, but as the spirit of his home.'

Perhaps the most delightful heroine in fiction is Elizabeth Bennet, in Pride and Prejudice, one of the middle girls in a large family; and not the least of her charms is her comradeship with her father. 'My father's opinion of me does me the greatest honor,' she once said to an acquaintance who was urging some escapade, 'and I should be miserable to forfeit it.'

One likes to recall too that pretty child who exclaimed, 'But I am the little Napoleon, so I must be better than other children because I am so much happier.'

The girl who has not yet 'discovered' her father has missed one of the greatest boons of life. In his comradeship she acquires something of those fine manly characteristics of accuracy, broad-mindedness and control of petty details; in intercourse with him her powers of observation and judgment become enlarged; her views of boys and men take color from his and she learns to scorn and shun qualities less honorable than his own.

And then as the years go by and she, in turn, becomes the one to guide and cheer and comfort; when he obeys her nod and follows her every movement with his eye, and leans his weary head upon her breast—truly there are few satisfactions in life to be compared with these; and every daughter who has won them for herself will claim as her own theory of life these lines of Mrs. Goodwin:

Father who left me long ago
My soul is kin unto your own,
The dreams and strivings of my days
Those you have known.

My soul plants footsteps in thine own
And thou wert brave of heart and high!
Father, is aught of worthiness?
It is not I.

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